## AGATHA WEBB.

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

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synorsis of preceding Chapters.

Just after a ball at the Sutherland mansion Agatha esh and her servant are found deat, and Philemon abb. Agatha husband, who for years has been soon abb. Agatha husband, who for years has been soon as the state of his discovered select at the dincern of the state of his sleep points to stable. A train of his of mans the murders. Agatha Webb is known in as the murders. Agatha Webb is known as nice of sutherland's house per persists an enice of sutherland's house per persists and discovered bed on the grass. The noney drawer is found to be marriant, a wayward youth, calls his fatherland, a wayward youth, calls his fatherland, a wayward youth, calls his father self-facilities, a wayward youth, calls his father self-facilities, a wayward youth, calls his father look stitue into a marry Mass Page, by whom he has remises not to marry Mass Page, by whom he has electronized. Miss Page fells brederick that she cloved him the night of the murder and knew the had secreted a thousand dolars. She week to decide whicher to marry her produmed as the nurderer of Agatha the produmed as the nurderer of Agatha she had a strange man gave him has the supple saw Murdered for money. Find the man simple saw Murdered for money. Find the man simple saw beard. Suspiciou falls upon one of the Zasel or there. Frederick vasits the hollow he zasel or there. SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. men of a samiling debt. Frederick sections a class for the amount from his father. The class for the action in the load of starcation, one with the internal of the load of broad, the other a blood static than the bottom of the other a blood static with the load of broad, the other a blood static with the load of broad, the other a blood static with the load of load of load of the load of the load of load of load of the load of load of

dating her departure from the ballroom. Yet she went upon this errand in slippera, white alippers at that, something which so cool and valeulating a woman would have avoided, however careless she might have shown herself in other regards.

Again, guilt awakens cuhping, even in the dullest breast, but she, keen beyond most men even, and so self-polised that the most searching examination could not shake her self-control, betrared an utter carelessness as to what she did with these slippers on her return, thrusting them into a piece easible to the most casual search. Had she been conscious of guilt and thus amenable to law, the sight of blood and mud stains on those slippers would have appalled her, and she would have made some attempt to destroy them, and not put them behind a picture and forgotten them, as her very evidentiack of anxiety in regard to them proves her to have done.

Again, would she have been so careless with a flower she knew to be identified with herself? A woman who deliberately involves herself in a crime has quick yess; she would have seen that flower fall. At all events, if she had been immediately responsible for its being on the scene of crime she would, with her quick wit, have found some excuse or explanation for it, and not have flung her deflance at the law in some such words as these: "It is a fact for you to explain. I only know that I did not carry it to the scene of murder."

Again, had she been actuated in her attempt to fix the crime on old James Zabel by Again, had she been actuated in her attempt to fix the crime on old James Zabel by a personal consciousness of guilt and a personal dread, she would not have stopped at suggestion in her aliusions to the person she watched burying the treasure in the woods. Instead of speaking of him as a shadow whose flight she had been subjected, was not that of one who had no previous knowledge of her freaks and sew minutes before, there being no reason for indefiniteness on this point, her conscience being sufficiently elastic for any false

tion and desperate orime might be easily bridged by some great necessity for money. Had there been such a necessity? Sweetwater did not know, but it was easy to think so. And Frederick's manner? Was it that of an honest man simply shocked by the suspicions which had fallen upon the woman he loved? Had he, Sweetwater, not observed certain telltale moments in his late behavior that required a deeper explanation even than this?

The cry, for instance, with which he had rushed from the empty ballroom into the woods on the conosite side of the road! Was it a natural cry or an easily explainable one? "Thank God! this terrible night is over!" Strange lang laze to be uttered by this man at such a time and in such a place if he did not already know what was to make this night of nights memorable through all this region. He did know, and this cry, which had struck Sweetwater strangely at the time and still more strangely when he regarded it simply as a coincidence, now took on all the force of a revelation and the irresistible bubbling up to Frederick's breast of that remorse which had just found its fall expression on Agatha's grave.

To some that remorse and all his other

just found its fail expression on Agatha's grave.

To some that remorse and all his other signs of suffering might be explained by his passion for the real criminal. But to Sweetwater it was only too evident that an egotist like Frederick Sutherland cannot suffer for another to such an extent as this, and that a personal explanation must be given for so personal explanation must be given for so personal explanation in that explanation involves the dreadful sharge of murder.

It was when Sweetwater reached this roint in his reasoning that Frederick disappeared beneath Mr. Holliday's porch and Mr. Sutherland came up behind him. After the short conversation in which Sweetwater saw his own doubts more than reflected in the uneasy consciousness of this stricken father he went home and the struggle of his life began.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHAPTER XXII.

Sweetwater had promised Mr. Sutherland that he would keep counsel in regard to his present convictions concerning Frederick's guilt, but this he knew he could not do if he remained in Sutherlandtown and fell under the pittless examination of Mr. Couriney, the shrewd and able prosecuting attorney of the district. He was too young, too honest and had made himself too conspicuous in this affair to succeed in an undertaking requiring so much dissimulation, if not actual falsehood. Indeed, he was not sure that in his present state of mind he could hear Frederick a name mentioned without flushing, and slight as such a hint might be, it would be enough to direct attention to Frederick, which once done could but lead to discovery and perimanent disgrace to all who bore the name of Sutherland.

What was he to do then? How avoid a consequence he found himself absolutely unable to face? It was a problem which this night must solve for him. But how? As I have said, he went down to his house to think.

Sweetwater was not a man of absolute rectitude. He was not so much high-minded as large-henried. He had, besides, certain foibles. In the first place, he was vain, and vanity in a very plain man is all the more acute since it centres in his canabilities rather than in his appea ance. Had Sweetwater been handsome or even passably attractive he might have been satisfied with the appropriation of demure maidens and a commadeship with his fellows. But being one who could hone for no hing of this kind, not even for a decent return to the unreasoning heart worship he felt himself canable of paying, and which he had once paid for a few short days till warned of his presumption by the insolence of the recinient, he had fixed his hope and his ambition on doing something which would rouse the admiration of those about him and bring him into that prominence to which he felt himself entitled. That he as skillul mustelan, should desire to be known as a brilliant detective is only one of the anomalies of human nature which i

all back, only retaining a little silver, which he silipped into one of the peckets of the suit he had chosen. Then he searched for and found a little Bible which his mother had once given him. He was about to thrust that into another pocket, but he seemed to think better of this, too, for he ended by putting it back into the drawer and taking instead a bit from one of his mother's old aprons which he had chanced upon on the stairway. This he placed as carefully in his watch pocket as if it had been the neture of a girl he loved. Then he undressed and went to bed.

To be continued.

PLANTATION PAGEANTS.

A Strange Wagoner.

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Major Perdue lived in the direction of the village. a few miles away, and when Buster John and Sweetest Susan clambered on Aunt

To be continued.

The repeated use of the words "ambush" and

SAMOAN FIGHTING TACTICS.

The Natives Fearless of Death but Easily Dispirited by a Wound.

"ambuscade" in the accounts of the recent fight in Samoa makes it more than a little difficult to grasp the circumstances from the the scanty details. If by ambush is meant what word has always meant in Indian warfare, then it does not apply, for the Samoan does not fight that way. His tactics in war are very simple. At the beginning he establishes him self in some shelter which will protect his own skin. This may be a convenient stone wall, or it may be a Samoan fort. The forts are usually buikheads of tree trunks thrown across some steep valley which has natural protection against being turned or taken in reverse. The wooden wall is backed by earth, and at convenient intervals are places where a good marksman might command the line of hostile approach. But when the combat has passed the early stage of resisting an attack the Samoans seek to carry the field by force of numbers and the impetuosity of their rush.

In this there is little of the real idea of an ambush, and few Samoans could restrain themselves long enough to admit of a successful ambuscade. The probable meaning is that to the marines and sailors all bush fighting

village, a few miles away, and when Buster John and Sweetest Susan clambered on Aunt Minervy Ann's ox eart they shouted to their grandfather, the White-Haired Master, that they were going to town and didn't know when they would return. But as it happened they were to return very soon, for they hadn't gone far before they met a covered wagon, drawn by two large, fat mules. The driver was a white man with a very red face and eyes as small and as restless as a mink's. He had sandy hair, mixed with gray, and he worea faded gray uniform. When he saw Aunt Minervy Ann and the children he began to sing, but, in spite of the singing, which grew louder as he came nearer. Buster John and Sweetest Susan thought they heard a child crying and sobbing when the two vehicles passed each other. Aunt Minervy Ann was sure she heard it, and she declared that there was something wrong about the man; she

could tell by his peculiar appearance.

So she advised the children to jump down and follow the wagon as far as their gate if no further. They might find out something and be able to do somebody a good turn. Sweetest Busan didn't see the necessity of this, but Buster John was keen for anything that seemed to promise an adventure. He jumped from the cart and ran back after the wagon. while Sweetest Susan followed more leisurely. She followed fast enough, however, to catch up with the covered wagon, which was not going very rapidly. The wagon was the kind used by the North Carolina tobacco peddlers. The cover was higher at the ends than in the middle. The pole stuck out behind and a water bucket was fastened to it. A trough for feeding the mules was swinging across the rear, and this, with the jutting pole, enabled Buster John to climb up and peer into the wagon. At first he saw nothing but a lot of bedelothes piled up on some bundles of fodder, but presently he heard sobbing again, and, looking closer, he saw a little child lying on its face in an attitude of

At first Buster John thought of crawling into the wagon and asking the child what ailed it. but the man who was driving was in plain view, and, though Buster John was bold nough for a small boy, he was cautious, too. The child seemed to be not more than 3 or 4 years old, and as it had on a frock, Buster John couldn't tell whether it was a boy or girl. While he was considering what to do, the child raised its head, saw him and wailed: "O, p'ease tate me out er here!" Buster John fell rather than jumped down, for he was afraid the man would see him. Presently the face of the child appeared at the back part of the wagon. At first it seemed that the little creature was preparing to jump out, but either fear overcame it or the driver reached back and cut it with his whip, for it fell back with a loud wall of agony, a wail that sounded like the cry of some wild animal.

Sweetest Susan was ready to cry, her sympathies were so keen, but Buster John was angry. He ran to the front of the wagon and yelled at the man:

"What's the matter with your bab?"

"Hey?" responded the man. "War.a ride? Of course you can ride. Climb up. I ain't got time to stop."

"I said what's the matter with the baby, the its head, saw him and wailed: "O, p'ease tate

of course you can ride. Climb up. I sin't got time to stop."
I said what's the matter with the baby, the baby in the wagon?" cried Buster John at the top of his voice.
"In the wagein? O, yes! Well, get in."
"Don't you do it, brother," said Sweetest Susan. "He heard what you said."
The man looked at them with twinkling eyes. "O, both want to ride. Well, get in—that's all I've got to say."
Buster John was not to be put down that way; he was very close to home now—in fact, he could see the tall form of his grandint her standing on the knoil above the spring watching the covered wagon with curious eyes, for it had been a long day since one had come along that road going in that direction. So Buster John grew very bold indeed. He went close to the front wheel of the wagon, close to the heels of the very what I said. I asked you what John grew very out the wagon, close to the heels the front wheel of the wagon, close to the heels of the off mule.

"You know what I said. I asked you what was the matter with the baby in the wagon."

The man seemed to rouse himself. Baby in the waggin! Why, they ain't no baby in there; it's a cat I picked upon the way. She's a mouser. We need mousers where I'm a-goin."

a mouser. We need mousers where I'm a-goin."

Buster John, more indignant than ever, ran ahead, called his grandfather, and asked him to go and see about the baby in the wagon, teiling him hurriedly how queerly the man had setted acted.
But the White-Haired Master shook his nead.
"He's only playing with you," he said.
The children were in despair at this, for they were sure something was wrong. Even Aunt Mineryy Ann had said so. Buster John began to pout, and Sweetest Susan was ready to cry. She looked appealingly at her grandfather, her eyes swimming in tears. eyes swimming in tears.
"What is it, Sweetest?" the White-Haired
Master inquired.
That poor little baby, "she said, controlling
herself the best she could; "I'll dream about

herself the best she could: "I'll dream about it all night."
Well, don't cry; we'll see about it," remarked the grandfather, soothingly.
By this time the wagon had come up. The driver bowed politely and would have gone on, but the White-Haired Master motioned him to stop. This he did, but with no good grace. He pulled up his mules, and sat on the seat expectantly, with a grin in his face that was half a scowl.

You come from Milledgeville way?" the children's grandfather inquired.

"Who told you?" the man asked quickly.
"Them ch ldren there?"
"No. said the White-Haired Master, frowning a little. "I was simply inquiring."
The man laughed. "Weil, I come from thataway," asked, the White-Haired a-way."
What news?" asked the White-Haired

The man laughed. "Well, I come from thataway."

What news?" asked the White-Haired Master.

"Lots an' lots; I couldn't tell you in a week. The wide world is turned end up'ards. Murderin', riot, bloodshed, burnin', rippin', rarin', roarin', snortin'. You know what?

The man closed his restless, roving eyes. "Well, down yon way they're tarin' up the railroad tracks while the brass ban' plays. I ketched 'em a doin' of it, an' I danced wi' 'em roun' the filre a time or two, an' then I picked up this waggin and mules and come on 'bout my business."

The man wagged his head up and down, and rolled it from side to side, and shifted his glances, and gigled in a very excited manner. The children's grand'ather tried to find some basis for the man's strange actions; tried to duplicate them in his memory, but failed. Then he asked:

"Well, fust an' last, I've got some few bed-cloze and some few ruflage for the mules; an' then—well, yes, there's a cat I picked up, a reg'ler mouser. She growls, but there ain't nothin' the matter wi' er.

In response to this statement, the wagon cover was lifted high enough for the child to but its head out. Its little face was distorted with fear or despair.

"Me ain't no tat!" she cried; "my mammy say I'm her'itty bitsy baby; my daddy say I'm his big 'itty man; my nunky tall me Billy listit. Oh, pease lift me outer here. Me wanter see my daidy an' mammy." The child had cried and sereamed so much that its voice had a harsh and unnatural sound. It pierced the tender heart of the White-Haired Master like a knife and roused him to a fury of indignation.

"Is that what you call a cat, you trifling seoundel?" he cried. He passed through the

had a barsh and unsatural sound. It pierced the tender leart of the White-Haired Master like a kuife and roused him to a fury of indignation.

"Is that what you call a cat, you trifling scoundrel?" he cried. He passed through the gate and was now close to the man.

"That's what," answered the man with a chuckle. "He'll bite, an' he'll scratch, an' he'll growl. He also calls himself Bility Biscuit, but do he look like a biscuit? You wouldn't want me to call him a chicken, would you?"

He stuck out his tongue as he said this, and lookel about as foolish as it is possible for a grown man to look, and the granifather's indignation changed to a feeling of amazement and disgust.

"Is the child yours?" he asked.

"Why, whose should he be, mister? You'd he errytated el you wux a youngster an' had to ride all day in a kivvered waggin; now, wouldn't you?"

The observation was a'just one, considering the source; and though it lacked feeling and sympathy, the White-Haired Master could make no reply.

"This is a likely place to camp—in there by the spring," the man remarked. "Ef I thought I mought be so bold as to axyou"—"You may," said the White-Haired Master. "Drive lin the gate here and unhitch under the trees yonder. There's fire under the washpot. You'll find plenty of wood to start it up, but he careful about it, don't burn any of the fencing."

The man drove in as directed, turned his wagon round, the tongue pointing to the gate, unhitched his mules, watered them without taking the harness off, and then gave them two bundles of fodder apiece to munch on. Then he got out his frying pan, his skillet and his pot and finally proceeded to kindle a fire. Buster John and Sweetest Susan watched all these proceedings with great interest, especially as the man paused every now and then to tak to himself. "You, that's me," he declared over and over again. "Hoby Ransom, corridor I, room h".

He pald no attention to Buster John and Sweetest Susan had not forgotten it. She stood by the wagon and saw the little one looking at the m

resort for campers in old times, and the youngsters vaguely remembered seeing strange men
sitting around the fire frying bacon that sent
forth a very savery odor, but of late years there
had been no campers there. The campers and
wagoners, like most of the able-bodied men,
had been camping out under the tents of the
army or sleeping, as Johnny Bapter put it,
"under the naked canopies," Therefore this
mysterious man was the first camper who had
kindled a fire in the spring lot since Buster
John, Sweetest Susan and Drusilla had been
of an age to appreciate the circumstance.
Consequently they watched him closely, and
in comparative silence, their comments being
confined to low whispers. Sweetest Susan's
solicitude was for the child in the wagon, but
her curiosity compelled her to keep sharp eyes
on the man, who went nervously about his
business, and very awkwardly, too, as even the
children could see. Sweetest Susan's solicitude was rewarded, for, as she leaned against
the frame of the wagon, the child on the insidereached its soft little hands out and patted her
gently on the arm. To Sweetest Susan this
was more than a caress, and she selzed the
small hand and held it against her cheek for a
moment. Then she made bold to ask the
ture—if she might bring the little one some
supper.

man—she called him Mr. Ransom at a venture—if she might bring the little one some supper.

"Who told you my name?" the man asked with suspicion in his eyes.

"I heard you call yourself Roby Ransom." replied Sweetest Susan very politely.

"Well, you heard right for once," he said.

"Supper for the young-un? Tooby shore; fetch it. I didn't allow I'd take in boarders when I started, an'I ain't got any too much vittles for myself."

So Sweetest Susan and Drusilla went to the house to arrange for bringing the child some supper, while Buster John larged behind and watched the man till the bell rang. Meanwhile the grandfather had told his daughter ithe mother of Buster John and Sweetest Susan about the child in the wagon) and that lady was in quite a lume about it. At first she insisted on going down and taking the child away from the man; she was sure there was something wrong.

"There may be," said the White-Haired Master, "but we are not surenbout it, and we might make bad matters worse. There's plainly something wrong about the man; that much is certain; but the child may be his, and it may be badly spoiled. No, it would be wrong to interlere with him: I've though it tall over."

"If you'll take my advice," remarked his daughter, "you'll make the negroes tie the man and lock him in the cornerib until we find out something about him."

"That would hardly be legal," said the old gentleman.

"Well, I don't think there is much law in the

out something about him.

"That would hardly be legal," said the old gentleman.

"Well, I don't think there is much law in the country at this time," the lady insisted. "If we knew he had stolen the child what could you do with him?"

"What you say is very true," remarked the White-Haired Master; "truer even than you think it is. Still there is no reason why we should be hasty and unjust."

As the lady was convinced against her will, she remained of the same opinion still, and that opinion became a conviction when Sweetest Susan arrived and told all she saw and all she thought. But there was nothing to be done but to give the child one full meal if it got no more, and so the lady set about fixing supper for the unfortunate. She piled a plate high with biscuits and ham and chicken, and when the children were through supper they waited impatiently for Drusilla to finish hers, so they could all go together. Sweetest Susan insisted on carrying the plate herself.

When they arrived at the camper's fire they found the man eating supper by himself.

"Where's the baby?" asked Sweetest Susan.

In the waggin, replied the man curtly. I wanted to take he imp out, but he wouldn't led meeded no coaxing when Sweetest Susan called him. He crawied to the front of the wagon and held out his arm to her, and he hugged her so tightly around the neck that it was as much as she could do to elimb down without falling. The little fellow was well dressed, but he was barefooted, and his feet were very cold.

"Where are his shoes?" asked Sweetest

the wagon and held out his arm to her, and he hugged her so tightly around the neck that it was as much as she could do to climb down without falling. The little fellow was well dressed, but he was barefooted, and his feet were very cold.

"Whore are his shoes?" asked Sweetest Susan indignantly.

"He must 'er rulled 'em off and flung 'em away. O, he's a livin' terror, he is. Don't you let him fool you."

The child ate his supper, sitting in Sweetest Susan's lap, and he seemed to be very hungry. He tried to make Sweetest Susan eat some, too, and once or twice he smiled when she pretended to be enting ravenously. But for the most part the child kept his eves fixed on Mr. Ransom, and clung more tightly to Sweetest Susan heat some, too, and once or twice he smiled when she pretended to be enting ravenously. But for the most part the child kept his eves fixed on Mr. Ransom, and clung more tightly to Sweetest Susan found it impossible to get ril of the child. He wouldn't allow Ransom to take him—he seemed ready to go into convulsions whenever the man approached; and, finaliv, in order to induce him to get into the wagon, Sweetest Susan had to go in with him (accompanied by Drusilla) and once there, she was compelled to lie by the child until it dropped off to sleep. He held her hand tightly classed in his tiny fists.

Buster John was impatient, and seid he was going to bad, and Sweetest Susan fell him to tell mamma that she and Drusilla would come as soon as the baby went to sleep. Drusilla, drowsy eyd, lay down on the bedclothes and was asleep before the child was. Sweetest Susan made every effort to withdraw her hand and slip from the wagon, but these movements aroused in child and set it to whimpering.

Everything was very still; even the frogs called to one another drowsily. The mules had cleaned up their ration of fodder and were now dozing. Under these circumstances, it was not long hefore Sweetest Susan to the rear of the wagon and looked in, and then stood listening intently. Nothing was to the hear of the wa

har 'tis."

Jemimy ran back to the house, nearly fright-ned to death. Her report was: "Mistress,

Jemimy ran back to the house, nearly frightened to death. Her report was: "Mistress, dev ain't no wagen dar!"

"Mereiful heavens!" screamed the lady, "I told father to have the man tied and locked in the corn crib, and now he has stolen my child! Oh, what shall! I do!"

"An' he got Drusilla!" cried Jemimy, throwing up her hands windly.

The White-Haired Master came forth from the library with a troubled face. He was a man of action, and in five minutes the whole plantation was aroused. But Sweetest Susan and Drusilla had disappeared. Strong-lunged negroes called them, but they made no answer.

They were several miles away and fast asleep.

Odd Things to Happen.

A Louisville man has a little house dog that chews chewing gum like a human being.

A Delaware farmer recently rurchased a horse which had been in the Spanish-American war, and on being clipped several shot were found imbedded in its flesh.

Seventeen victins to Easter eggnog were picked up in the streets of Camden, N. J., the night after that day and classified with the ordinary drunks.

A San Francisco man who died not long ago with pleurisy was found to have had three-quarters of an inch of a needle in his heart, which had been there long enough to rust.

A Pennsylvania woman aged 102 years committed suicide last week because she was fired of living. The Coroner might have rendered a verdist of instifiable homicide.

A young man in New Jersey became unconscious on a Tuesday, recovered sufficienty for Wednesday to ask what day it was, said he would die on Friday, became unconscious again and on Friday beta his word.

One Kentucky farmer has an otherwise well-develoned caif, born without eves or tail, and another farmer has four roosters sitting on durk eggs. with pleurisy was found to have had treegradient to the property of the prop

SUBURBAN MAN'S TWO WAYS

ONE TRAIL FOR FISITORS AND ONB FOR CATCHING TRAINS.

Trip of a Man from Homelike Harlem Intethe Country-Gambling by Commuters in Rapid-Fire Lunch Rooms-A Race for a Train Over Land and Water. "Suburbanites are a rather amusing lot, angway!" thoughtfully remarked Mr. Pincherfist of homelike Harlem to his friend Mr. Tenweeklybones, also of that locality, as they stood up luxuriously in an elevated express train, on their way to their cozy flats, after business hours, the other evening. "Every suburbanite has two distinct routes which he may take between the railroad station and his cheerless little easy-monthly-payment cottage. One, the longer of the two, leads down the wide, main avenue, past the palatial real estate office, the grocery and the meat market, and is composed of intermittent stretches of irregular flag-

stones, oyster-shells, crushed stone and ashes. "It is up this elaborate pathway that the proud suburbanite leisurely guides one of us flat folks from the city of a Saturday afternoon to impress us and calls attention to this and that bit of scenery and the different trees and hedges that we may appreciate the natural beauties of the place and that at the same time he may divert our minds and make the walk seem five minutes long instead of twenty or thirty minutes, which would come nearer the mark. Oh, I've got a suburban friend, a Mr. Isolate, who lives out at Lonelyville-'lovely Lonelyville,' he always calls it—and I know a thing or two about the suburbs!

"Then there is the short cut. This leads across vacant lots, piles of derelict condensed milk and tomato cans, cow pastures, swamps-'lovely, waving salt meadows,' Isolate poetically terms them-over two or three fences and creeks, on fallen trees as bridges; and when you reach the track the station is still more than one hundred yards distant, and you have to take to the ties to reach it. When you kick at the length of the longer walk, your suburban friend will tell you that there is a much shorter way, which he takes when he is tired or in a hurry to catch a train. But he will invariably scheme so that you may never will invariably scheme so that you may never take this short cut if he can help it, and, for that matter, you are infinitely better off if he succeeds in his little suburban intrigue.

"The last time I was out at Lonelyville, visiting the Isolates, the coffee happened to be too hot for us to take at a single gulu at breakfast, as is Mr. Isolate's regular custom, and this so upset his time calculations that he regretfully said we would have to take the short cut to the station if we wished to catch his train, and he looked me over rather dubiously. His wife tried to disauade him and called his attention to my patent leather shoes and pearl-colored trousers.

looked me over rather dublously. His wife tried to dissuade him and called his attention to my patent leather shoes and pearl-celored trousers.

"But it seemed that Isolate had not missed that particular train one morning for six or eight or ten months, and he felt, for some suburban reason or other, that he would be everlastingly hoodooed and queered if he should do so that morning. Commuters don't take city people into their confidence; but I have been with Mr. Isolate enough to conclude from little words which he has unintentionally dropped now and then, that he and his commuter friends vie with each other in never missing certain trains to and from the city, and that they compare their commutation tickets when they meet at our quick-lineh or rapid-fire restaurants in the city at lunch time, when the commuter whose ticket shows the greatest number of different punch holes has to pay for the 'draw one' and beans and' for the crowd: for that shows that its holder has repeatedly missed his usual train and had his ticket punched by the conductors of several different trains. About the highest score in this diotic game is to have only two different styles of punch holes in one's cicket—one from the conductor on the morning train and the other from the conductor on the evening train. The very highest possible score—i.e. having only a single style of punch hole in one's commutation ticket, a sort of royal straight flush—is only attainable by being able to catch the train back at night which is run by the same conductor who runs the train one takes in the morning. I believe time takes the whole quick-lunch bill of fare, but-of coding to the first and railroad spike-shaped punch holes in one's commuter, but a rank outsider, and the secrets are guarded well.

"I believe Isolate's commutation ticket continued a beautiful uniform tattoo pattern of star and railroad spike-shaped punch holes in the suburbs,' in which they were an offence to nature.' and instend of our going out of the front door like respectable business

"We then ran across a ten-acre new with soft, muddy, narrow ploughed-up stretches on it that looked as though they were to be, or had been, planted with potatoes or corn. I asked him if we wouldn't get shot at for tramping over the owner's garden, but he witheringly informed me that those soft stretches of mud were not truck gardens, but beautiful wide streets and avenues, and he called my attention to different rakish-looking posts with tion to different rakish-looking

informed me that those soft stretches of mudwere not truck gardens, but beautiful wide streets and avenues, and he called my attention to different rakish-looking posts with agos painted on them which read: 'Swamp-view avenue.' 'Bogside Boulevard,' Easypayment street,' &c.

"'Well, there's one good thing about those patent leather shoes of yours, that suburban idiot cheerfully exclaimed, as I sank over the tops of them in one of the beautiful avenues,' they must keep your feet dry, like rubbers—I suppose that's why you wear them. Now, we are all right!' he added, elatedly. 'We've got a sidewalk most of the rest of the way!

"We had reached a sumach thicket and bog and taken to a shaky line of boards, supported at their ends by stones and hummocks of mud and swamp grass, that nobody but a confirmed fool suburbanite would dignify as a walk for human beings. As Isolate and I ran from one board to another it would sag unsteadily under our weight and squirt muddy water in every direction and up our trousers less through the cracks and knotholes. Before we had gone forty feet it had made my pearl-colored \$54 trousers, that I could wear a vear in home-like Harlem, look like 30 cents. Isolate meanwhile proudly explained to me that this was a private walk that he and severn of his public spirited neighbors had clubbed together and put un outside of their taxes. You will find one of these private sidewalks in every suburb. Sometimes a few of the benighted suburbanites get together and make it out of boards that aren't good enough to use in building chicken houses, and sometimes they pool their winter's ashes. One of these privately subscribed short-cut sidewalks in every suburb. Sometimes a few of the benighted suburbanites get together and make it out of boards that aren't good enough to use in building chicken houses, and sometimes they pool their winter's ashes. One of these privately subscribed short-cut sidewalks is about as bad as the other.

"Isolate was enthusiastically asking me if I didn't think this sidewalk w